

The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 1135.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



FROM SINGLE-BLESSEDNESS TO WEDDED BLISS: MISS PAULINE CHASE (PAULINE BLISS) AND MR. A. V. DRUMMOND, AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON SATURDAY (OCT. 24).

The marriage took place quietly on Saturday of Miss Pauline Bliss (otherwise, Miss Pauline Chase, the well-known actress of "Peter Pan" and other fame), daughter of Dr. E. B. Bliss and the late Mrs. Bliss, of Washington, U.S.A., and Mr. Alexander V. Drummond, of the West Kent Yeomanry, son of Mr. George Drummond, of Drummond's Bank.

The bridegroom had to get special leave for the wedding, as he is in training for service with the Expeditionary Force. The photograph was taken as the happy pair were arriving at 35, Eaton Square for the reception. It is understood that Mrs. Drummond has now retired from the stage.—[Photograph by C.N.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot.")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

New Light on an Old Tale.

As you know, friend the reader, I am one of the warmest supporters of the Great Russian Mystery. Many have tried to shake my faith, but in vain. Even the official contradiction by the Press Bureau leaves me unconvinced; there are at least twenty-five ways of explaining that contradiction, and I reserve the right of availing myself of all of them. To sum up, as the bulletins say, I believe in it and I shall go on believing in it until the end of the war, if I live to see that event, and as long after the end of the war as I am in a position to believe anything. If all the Russian Army came to me, one by one, and assured me, positively, that there was no truth in the rumour, I should smile, pat them on the shoulder, and shake my head.

That is the way I believe in anything when I do believe in it. Belief is not a matter of reason. Anybody can believe in a thing that has been proved to him. There is no merit in that. But why do you believe, as you certainly do believe, that two and two make four? Who can prove it? Nobody. What is two? What is four? Mere figures of speech. We believe that two and two make four for the convenience of the thing. We are all agreed that two and two shall make four, just as we are all agreed that a little bit of paper, with some red ink on it, is worth ten shillings. Very well, then. In precisely the same way, most of us are agreed that the Russians did _____; that they were _____; and that they are, at this moment, _____.

This is the New Light.

A contributor of the *East Grinstead Observer* is the latest person to endeavour to shake my belief. He sends me a copy of the paper with a certain paragraph marked, and he writes all up the margin, "Dear Sir,—This is absolutely final." It is an ingenious paragraph, and it is worthy the passing attention of the faithful, but we should never let it shake us, friend the reader. Here it is—

"I believe I have discovered the origin of the myth concerning those mysterious Russian troops and their passage through England. It is contained in a letter addressed to a resident of East Grinstead. A friend of the writer is chairman of a very large firm of eating-house proprietors and caterers, and nearly the whole of their supply of eggs comes from Siberia. These eggs are technically known in the trade as 'Russians,' and when the war broke out the firm was rather anxious to know whether a large order already given was likely to be fulfilled, so the gentleman in question wired to his agent via Copenhagen, and quickly the reply came back—

" '65,000 RUSSIANS WILL ARRIVE ABERDEEN ON DATE ARRANGED.'"

"There," continues the contributor to the *East Grinstead Observer*, "you have it. A telegraph clerk tells his or her sweetheart in confidence; mother and father get to hear of it; the office staff and sewing-meeting follow suit. The word 'troops' has been introduced, and in due course the soldiers are here, and everybody knows it is true."

To Comfort the Aged.

Those of us who are young enough to be optimistic, and fortunate enough to be able to read between the lines of official communications and semi-official warnings, do not always realise that there are thousands of aged people in this country who are really suffering agonies of apprehension because they do not know what is going on, and never know what to expect next. When they hear of London in darkness by night, they take it that London is practically in a state of siege from the heavens above, and when they hear of

entrenchments to be dug in their locality, they feel quite sure that the Germans must be a few miles from their village.

This is not exaggeration for comic purposes; this is sober and serious fact. "I'm not very well educated," said one old dame to me the other day. "I can't make head nor tale of all the stuff in the papers. Would you kindly tell me whether everything is going on all right?"

"Everything is going splendidly," I said. "You've nothing to worry your head about at all. You're as safe in your bed these nights as you ever were."

"But what about these air-ships, Sir? You see, I haven't got a cellar to go into if the air-ships should come."

"The air-ships won't come. If they do, they won't trouble about villages. Make your mind easy, and don't spend too much time over the paper."

The old lady thanked me and seemed a little comforted. But she would have felt far more comforted if these assurances had had an official backing. Which leads me to ask whether it would not be possible for the Government to issue some reassuring statement, not for the benefit of those thousands of young, strong, unattached men who have still to hear the call to the colours, but to comfort the aged, the weak, and the lonely, whose fireside days are made melancholy by reflecting on the horrors of war, and whose nights are made dreadful by the ceaseless terror of sudden hordes of invading Germans.

The "Sunshine League."

It would be a very foolish and a very shallow person who would laugh at such terrors. War is a different thing for the young and for the old. For the young it is an excitement, a tonic, a defying of death, a swift change from the monotony of ordinary life to a life of new ideas, new thoughts, new modes of living, enterprises, triumphs of self-sacrifice. But the old and the poor have little to hope for but a peaceful and a painless end. The fever of war finds no home in their sluggish veins. War is just a huge, black terror, taking their young and their protectors from them, killing the sunshine, darkening the doors and windows, making the bed hard and the house cold.

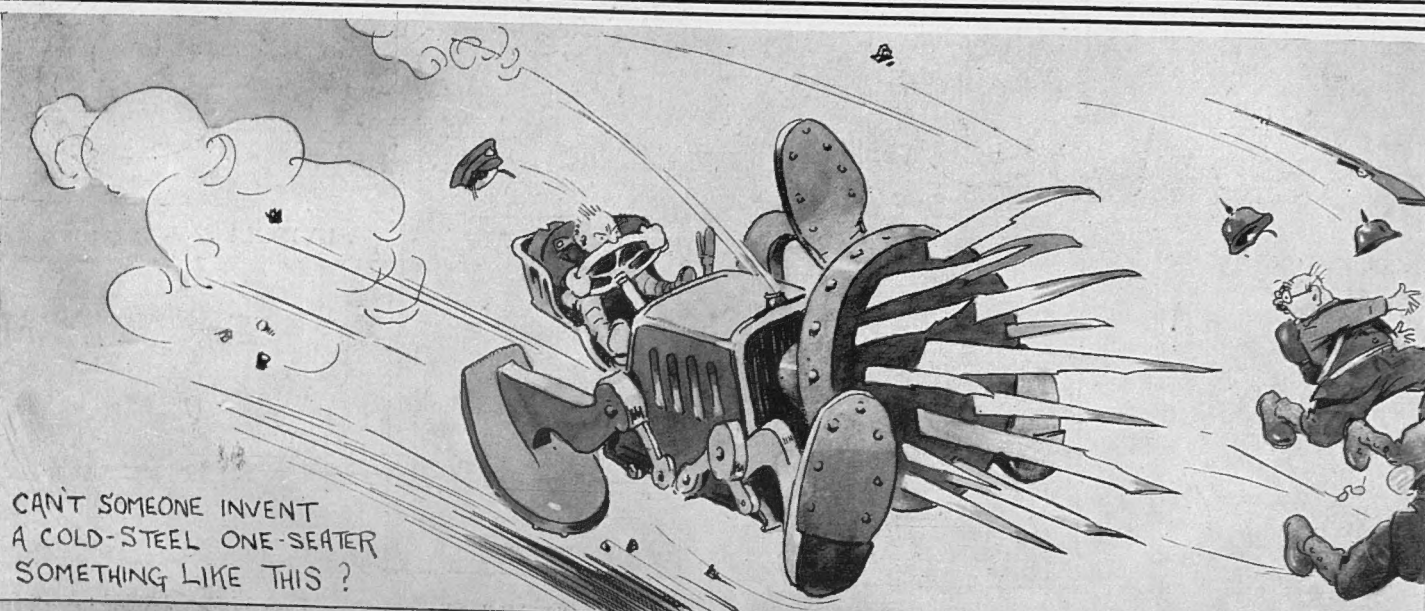
If, therefore, no official reassurance can be given, lest the idle strong be kept from the recruiting-office, we can each one do our best to talk cheerily and hopefully of the war in some cottage or garret. Let every town and village start a "Sunshine League" for the benefit of the aged poor.

The Spy Mystery.

Another point upon which the public—the whole public in this case—might well receive some definite official information is the spy trouble. There may be excellent reason why thousands of people with German names and German hearts are allowed to stroll to and fro in our midst, listening to our conversation, observing our methods for defence, learning of what has happened to us on the Continent, testing continually the temper and feeling of the country. There may, I say, be some excellent and subtle reason for this amazing leniency, but we, to whom the country belongs, do not know this wonderful reason, and we have a right to know it. Who has this matter in hand—the police, or the Army, or the Navy, or the Government, or the Aerial Fleet? Or is it everybody's business and nobody's business?

We are a patient people, and we are eager to help and not to hinder, but endurance has its limits. I think there will be trouble, grave trouble, if the authorities do not take the matter in hand very firmly, and then let us know what they are doing and let us know the result. A few more reverses, a few more joyous sneers from the enemy in our midst, and the blood of the people may boil over.

MORE SURPRISES FOR THE GERMANS.



IF THE GERMANS HAVE GIVEN US A SURPRISE WITH THEIR LARGE SIEGE-GUNS, SURELY WE CAN SPRING A FEW LITTLE NOVELTIES ON THEM TOO? OUR ARTIST OFFERS SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THE WAR OFFICE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

WAR ITEMS: PETS, PENNONS, PRESENTS, AND IMPLEMENTS.



GOING TO HEAR THE GUNS' TALK:
A PARROT WITH THE OTTAWA
CONTINGENT.



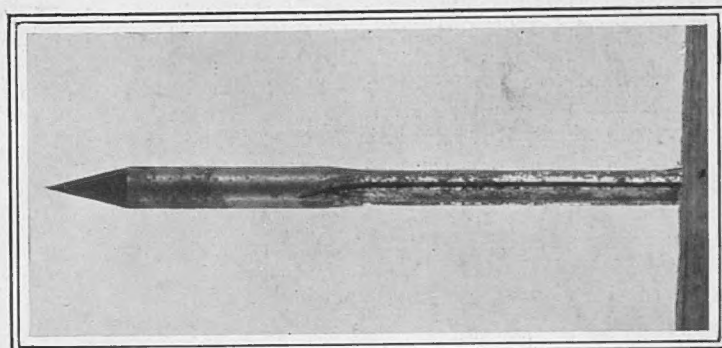
"WITH THE RANK AND PAY OF A SAPPER"? "DINKS," OF THE
ROYAL ENGINEERS, ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT WITH HIS
REGIMENT.



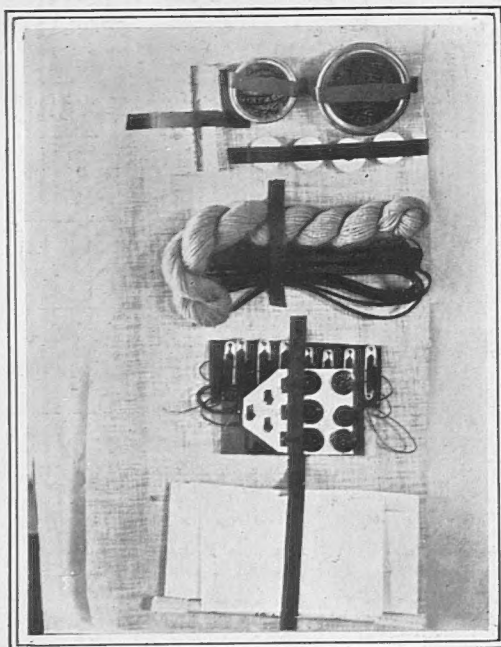
PUSS IN THE CORNER: A BRITISH
WAR-SHIP'S CAT DOING "PUNISH-
MENT 10 A."



SHOWING WILHELM THE WAY TO BERLIN: A CANADIAN CARICATURE
PENNON.



AN ARROW WITHOUT A BOW: A "CHEERFUL" WEAPON FROM GERMANY'S
AERIAL ARMOURY.



USEFUL PRESENTS FOR "TOMMY": A PRICELESS
SHILLINGSWORTH FOR MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



KETTLEDRUM AND CYMBALS ALL IN ONE:
THE DRUMOPHONE, AND ITS INVENTOR.

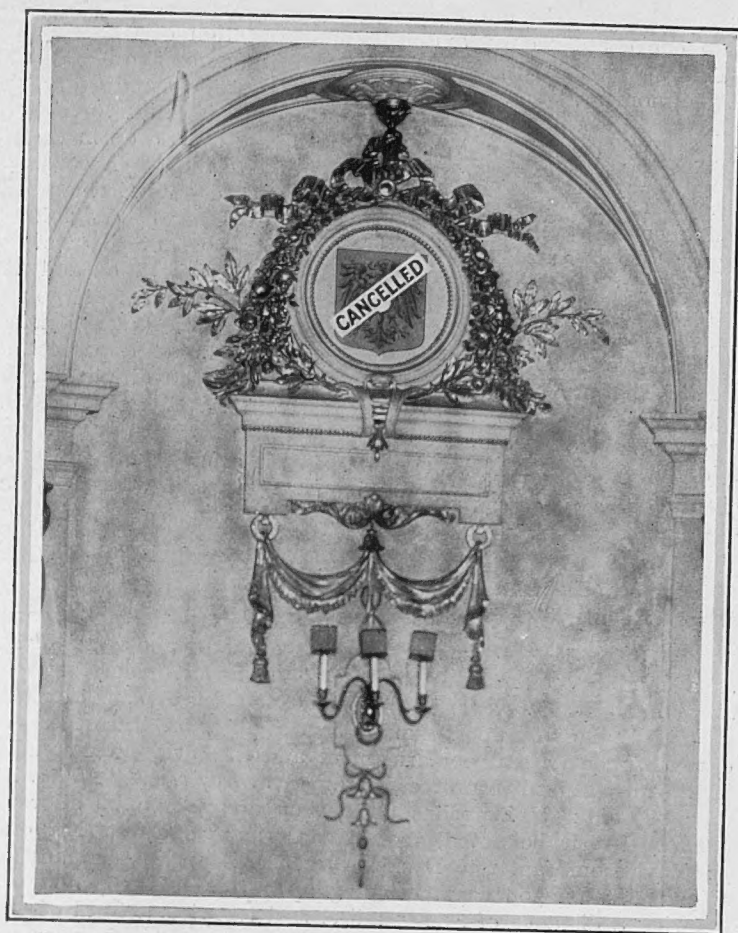


A BELTED EARL AND HIS BATTLE-AXE:
A TROPHY OF WATERLOO (STATION).

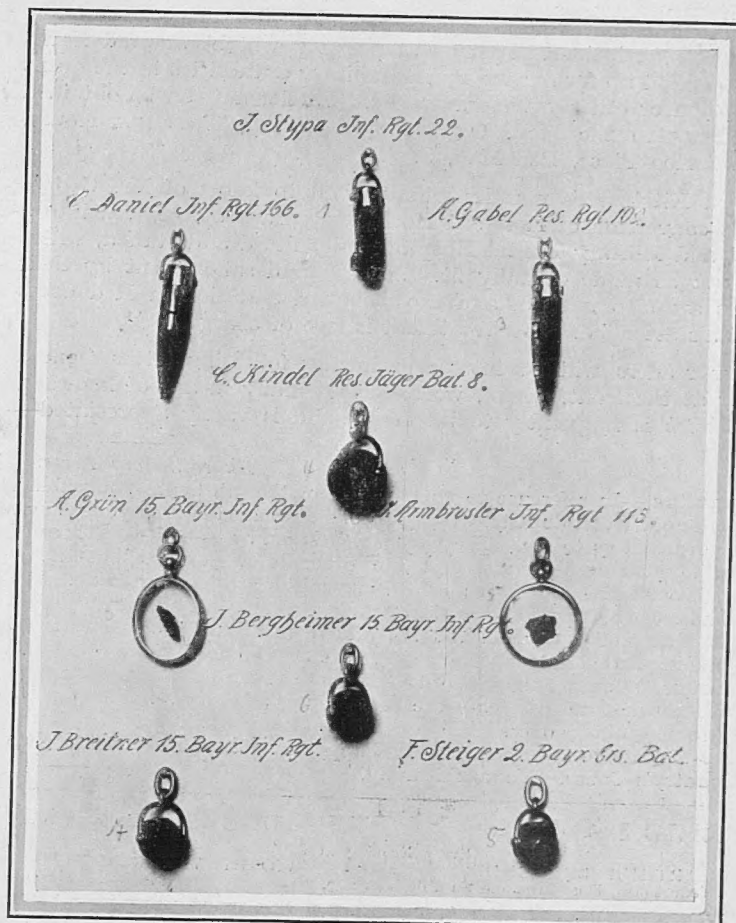
The top right-hand photograph comes from a "Middy" of H.M.S. "Prince of Wales," who writes: "This is a picture of our cat or mascot. She is ten years old. At present she is doing punishment 10 A. When she misbehaves she is given this punishment. The cat's name is Tiddles, or Pincher—Pincher, preferably, by the ship's company."—"Dinks," the pet monkey of the Royal Engineers, is seen on his way to the front.—The Zeppelin arrow, which is of metal, is 5½ inches long, and weighs just under an ounce. Dropped from a great height it can pierce a man's head.—

The useful presents for "Tommy" include cigarette-papers, boric ointment, dubbin, corn-rings, darning-wool, etc.—Captain the Earl of Carrick is seen holding an axe presented to him by the officers of the 1st Reserve Horse Transport Depot, for his good work in sawing off the tilts of wagons which would not go under an arch at Waterloo Station when 550 vehicles left for the front.—The Drumophone, invented by Miss Violet Angvall, is described as "a splendid imitation of the kettledrum and cymbals." The music is obtained by drawing the bow across a wire just above the drum.

CURIOSITIES OF WAR; AND A WEDDING: SOME "SNAPS."



THE GERMAN EAGLE KNOCKED OUT AT THE AMBASSADORS! A SHIELD LABELLED "CANCELLED" IN THE THEATRE WHERE ALLIES ARE APPEARING.



WOUND-MAKERS AS MASCOTS! BULLETS AND PIECES OF SHELL REMOVED FROM THE BODIES OF WOUNDED GERMANS, MOUNTED AS SOUVENIRS.



CAN THE POSSIBLE RECRUIT RESIST THIS? A "FREE-TRIP-TO-BERLIN" NOTICE AT A BIRMINGHAM RECRUITING-OFFICE.



A SCENE PARALLELED FREQUENTLY IN ENGLAND: A GERMAN OFFICER WEDDED BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE WAR.

Here are photographs illustrating the more unusual side of the Great War. The first shows how the management of the Ambassadors' Theatre, at which Allies are now appearing, in the shape of French, Belgian, and British actors and actresses, have cancelled the German shield, which is one of those representing the different nations painted round the walls. The second photograph shows bullets and fragments of shells, which have been removed from the bodies of wounded Germans now in hospital.

mounted that the men may keep them as souvenirs of the Great War. The Grand Duchess of Baden, who was Hilda, Princess of Nassau, is responsible for this idea. The next illustrates an amusing "bait" for recruits. The last registers a scene akin to many that have taken place in this country since the outbreak of the Great War—a wedding whose date was advanced because the bridegroom was ordered to the fighting line.—[Photographs by Topical, Alfieri, and Cherry.]

GENERAL NOTES.

THE National Volunteer Reserve has been formed to raise 100,000 men drawn from the large cities throughout the United Kingdom. They will be under forty-five, and prevented by age or the necessity of providing for others from joining the Regular or Territorial Forces. The scheme will not involve a great sacrifice of time, and uniforms and equipment will be provided by voluntary national subscriptions. Army rates of pay will be allowed if the force is called up for service by the military authorities in the event of invasion or other grave emergency. Particulars can be obtained by writing to the Hon. Organising Secretary, Trafalgar House, 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

Lord Kitchener's recruits will be glad to know of Mr. George Field's conversion of Hereford House, 117, Park Street, W., into a Naval and Military Dental Hospital, fully fitted and staffed, where they can be made dentally fit. Soldiers and sailors sent by their officers are also treated, and the wounded and sick in Red Cross Hospitals attended. The treatment is free of charge.

Our readers will be interested in the following letter from a soldier at the front, where, we have had many means of knowing, *The Sketch* is frequently to be found, and is vastly appreciated—

Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your edition of the 9th Sept., you publish a photo of our Hotel de Ritz, which photo. we received here in your paper, which surprised us to see. The photo. was taken at ——. Three of us are London taxi-drivers, and the other is a London 'bus-driver. Although our hotel is broken up now, our spirits are just the same. We have had some ups and downs since leaving. . . . but are still smiling, and get plenty of good food. . . . We have covered a good many miles since landing here, and our lorries, which are heavy ones, chiefly consisting of Daimlers, Dennis, and Hallford lorries, are doing excellent work, and few breakdowns, and our loads are heavy ones, and some of the country wants some pulling over. We are well officered, and *good sportsmen they are too*, and our column a very happy family. With good luck to our Country's Cause.—Yours faithfully,

GARRICK THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WAR FROM THE AIR: MORE ABOUT ZEPPELINS AND THEIR BOMBS.*

Zeppelin
Target-Practice.

At the risk of harping on a subject we have dealt with on several occasions, we choose for quotation from the "War Manual" matter from one chapter only, and from but a section of that. For, of "Things New in War," the dirigible and the aeroplane loom largest at the moment, when the lights o' London are low and everyone is talking of the chances of an invasion by air. To turn to the questions chiefly discussed: What can the flying craft drop in the way of explosives, and what certainty of aim have they? According to Mr. John S. Gregory—and it is easily believed—the Germans have had a considerable amount of practice. Writing of dirigibles, he says: "In experiments they have completely shot to pieces the silhouette of a village from an altitude of six thousand feet. Another, flying at an altitude of three thousand feet, got the range of a canvas target representing a boat on Lake Constance at the third shot, and then scored nearly a hundred per cent. of hits." That, of course, was under favourable conditions, in daylight, and without facing opposition from an enemy's dirigibles, aeroplanes, or anti-aircraft guns. The tale is likely to be differently told during the Great War. The British airmen know their job, and will do it without fear. So do the French, whose Zeppelin-hunters are splendid.

Climbing to Fight;
and Regularity
of Flight.

Both the French and ourselves believe the heavier-than-air to be the master of the lighter-than-air, and our Allies, especially, "regard an encounter between an aeroplane and a dirigible as a climbing contest. The strategy of the aeroplanist is to get above his big and awkward antagonist, and from this superior height to drop explosives upon him. The dirigible, on the other hand, depends upon its superior armament and the far greater steadiness of its gun-platform to protect it from the aeroplane." At least this may be said: If Zeppelins come they are not to be allowed to return. Let it be noted, too, that Germany's claim that out of 334 days from Jan. 1 to Dec. 1, 1912, the Zeppelin Company's airships "flew on 308 days, bringing up a total of 1167 hours, and covering a distance of 41,145 miles, and carrying a total of 10,291 persons, including 5609 members of the crews and 4682 passengers, all without a single fatal accident," can be set against an official statement in the House of Commons last April that there were only six days in the preceding year on which there had been no flights by British Army aviators, and that there had not been a single fatal accident or the breakage of any main part of a machine while in the air." And let it be remembered that both British and French airmen have already been reported to have attained an individual ascendancy over the Germans.

German Air-Bombs
of Four Kinds.

What of the explosives themselves? "A German bomb designed for use from the air weighs twenty pounds, and is charged with four pounds of trinitrotoluol and 340 steel balls. To guard against mishaps it has a safety catch, so that it will not explode until a fall of at least two hundred feet allows a revolving vane to unscrew the safety catch and bring the firing pin in contact with the explosive. A slight touch will then set off the bomb." So much for Number One. "The Krupp works have devised a fire bomb which sheds a bright light during its flight to the earth and after it strikes, so that air-ship gunners may be able to aim accurately during the darkest night." That is Number Two. Three and Four are of a different nature. The one, it is said, gives forth a cloud of dense smoke, under cover of which the aviator may make his escape; the other is claimed to spread gases so poisonous that "every living creature within a radius of a hundred yards will be killed." That is nearly as good as Turpentine, the "petrifier."

The Ineffective
Air-Bomb.

Take courage, however. "Extravagant claims regarding the effectiveness of aerial bombs must be accepted with reservations. . . . Experiments with dropped live shells and explosives showed that, although they might land within a remarkably short distance of the target, it was just that distance that made all the difference in the resulting damage, for the effects of high explosives are very local. Furthermore, the momentum of a heavy object falling from a great height is so great that it is buried in the ground, and the force of the explosion is thus neutralised." That accounts in part, no doubt, for the comparatively trivial havoc wrought by the German bombs freed over Paris and elsewhere. Here it may be added that our naval airmen may clear away submarine mines by dropping bombs in their vicinity, and so exploding them.—For the rest, we must explain again that we have touched upon but one chapter of the many in the work under review, which is very thorough and will surely be much appreciated by those desiring full knowledge on many points, historical, technical, naval, and military.

* "Nash's War Manual." (Eveleigh Nash; 2s. net.)



IDEAL DESPATCHES : LORD KITCHENER'S CORPS : THE SMART NEW ARMY.

"Making Good the Aisne."

Sir John French's despatches are fine soldierly reading. There is the grit of the man in the phrases he uses, and he has a style of his own that many a military historian must envy. His phrase "making good the Aisne" epitomises admirably one of the sternest struggles in which British troops have ever borne a part. Sir John French is never very lavish of praise, but his carefully considered words of eulogy in writing of some of the commanders and the regiments who took part in the battles of the Aisne and the Marne carry as much weight as did the equally considered praise of the Great Duke of Wellington.

The Sappers.

Lord Kitchener's grave face must have softened into a smile when he read Sir John French's remarks on the bridging work done by the Royal Engineers at the Aisne, that "the operations of the field companies during this most trying time are worthy of the best traditions of the Royal Engineers," for Lord Kitchener is himself one of that most distinguished corps. No other branch of the service has so many opportunities to distinguish itself as have the R.E., for if ever there is desperate work to be done it is always a Royal Engineer officer and his men who are called upon for the work. If a gate of a hill-fort in India is blown up, it is the Royal Engineers who put the powder-bags in place and light the fuse; and who can forget how the Kashmir Gate of Delhi was blown in by the gallant officers of this corps, and of the price of life they paid for their gallantry? They have given their full proportion of great Generals to the Army—Burgoyne, Napier of Magdala, and Gordon of Khartoum being but a few of the great men who have worn the grenade. Until Crimean days the Royal Engineers were known as the Sappers and Miners, and the term "Sappers" is generally used amongst soldiers to describe them. The corps wore scarlet at a time that a darkish red was the infantry colour, and their facings are of Garter-blue.

A Bayonet Charge.

Sir John French has not allowed himself to stray into many details regarding the valour of individual regiments, but the few words in which he tells of the bayonet charge of the Northhamptons through the mist against the enemy's entrenched infantry, and the ready help given to them by the Queen's and the King's Royal Rifles are thrilling through their very reticence. The 1st Battalion of the Northhamptons is the old 48th of the British line, and it has fought all over the world. Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Great Duke that was to be, describing its work at the Battle of Talavera—which he declared was "the hardest fight of modern times"—wrote that the day was "saved by the advance, position, and steadiness of the 1st Battalion, the 48th." The Queen's, which everyone knows as "Kirke's Lambs" from its crest of the Paschal Lamb, was raised in King Charles's time for service in Tangier, and Kirke, its Colonel, who was a stout Protestant though he was a ruthless leader, there made that famous promise to the

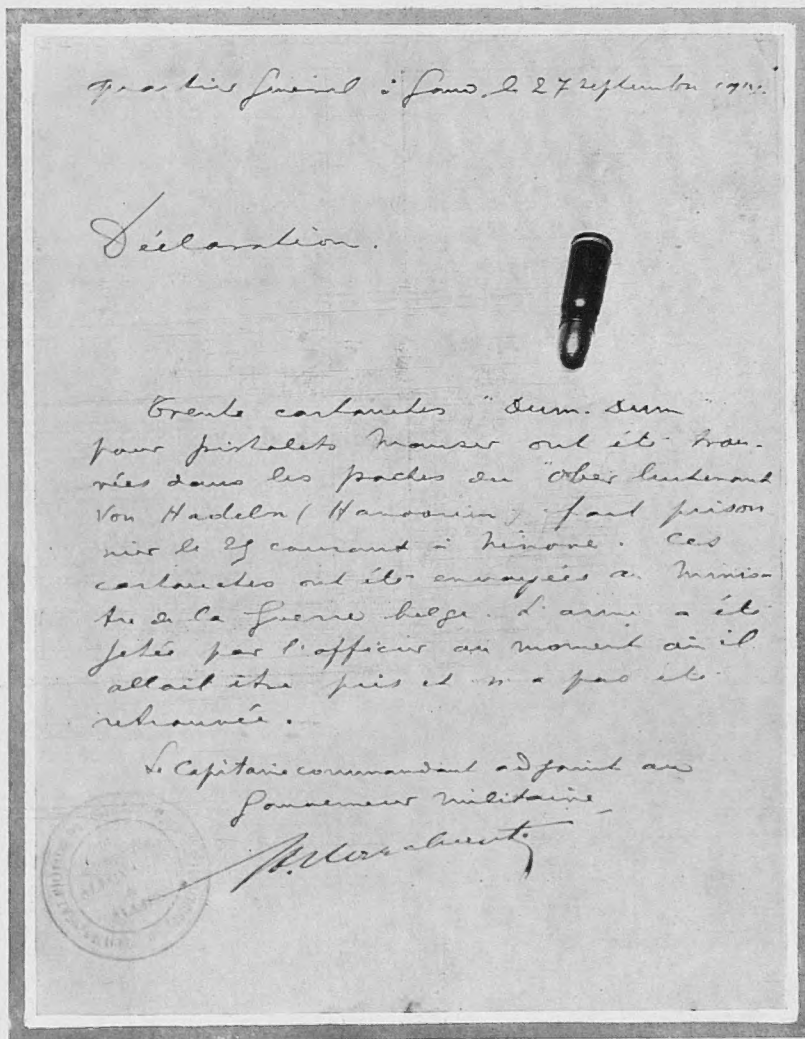
Sultan of Tangier that if he ever changed his religion he would become a Mohammedan—a promise which stood him in good stead when James II. pressed him to become a Roman Catholic. The King's Royal Rifles, the other regiment concerned in this gallant feat of arms, won its motto, "Celer et Audax," under General Wolfe before Quebec, and on the eight-pointed star which is its badge there are more battle honours than those earned by any other regiment in the service.

Princes in the Battle Line.

Two of our Princes are amongst the officers mentioned by Sir John French in his despatch. Prince Arthur of Connaught is one of Sir John French's Aides-de-Camp, and has been employed by him on confidential missions, in the carrying-out of which his intimate knowledge of foreign languages has been of great use; while Prince Maurice of Battenberg is amongst the officers of the King's Royal Rifles who are specially mentioned.

Lord Kitchener's New Army.

Lord Kitchener's new army—that million of men in the ugly-looking blue "jumpers" who are being trained in camps all over the three kingdoms—is going to be one of the most wonderful armies that the world has ever seen. To anyone used to measure the physique of recruits the height and width of the men is surprising—a far better average than the Service gets in peace time. The two months of training the men have gone through has set up the recruits into smart young soldiers, and this smartness will be more apparent when the men are given their khaki uniform. The average of intelligence in this new army is exceedingly high, and officers who have spent their life in training men tell me that they are so keen at their work that they learn in a fortnight what it takes six months to teach an ordinary recruit. The officers are as eager as the men. It takes the young officers just gazetted all their time to keep ahead of their men in learning the work. Since the days that the Northern Army organised itself for the great Civil War in America there has been nothing so wonderful seen as



THE "DUM-DUM" CHARGE AGAIN: AN OFFICIAL BELGIAN DECLARATION.

Accusations of using dum-dum bullets have been made against both sides in the war. The document here reproduced may be translated thus: "Headquarters, Ghent. Sept. 27, 1914. Declaration. Thirty 'Dum-Dum' cartridges for Mauser pistols have been found in the pockets of Ober-leutnant von Hadeln (a Hanoverian) made prisoner on the 2nd (?) inst. at Ninove. These cartridges have been sent to the Belgian Minister of War. The weapon was thrown away by the officer at the moment before his capture, and has not been recovered." The document is signed by the captain-commandant attached to the military governor.

this evolution into a disciplined fighting machine of a million keen, intelligent men.

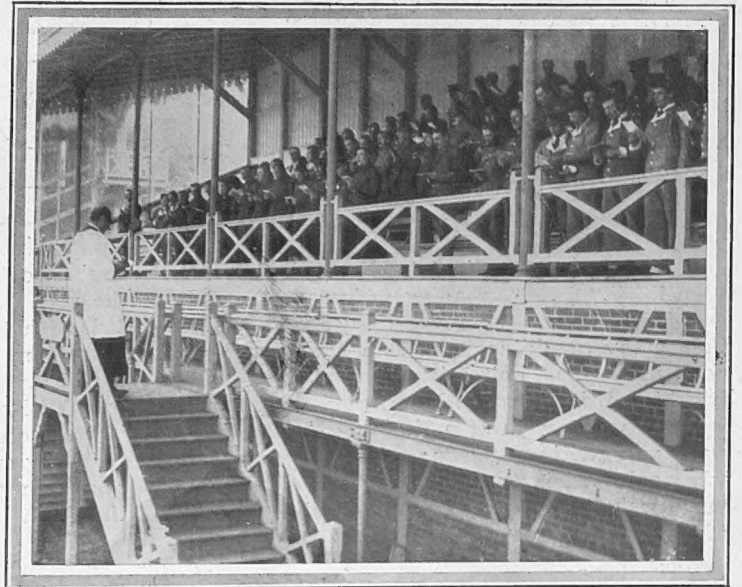
The Old Soldiers.

Into the composition of Lord Kitchener's new army there comes an element—the old soldiers—that takes me back to the days when I first joined the Service. There is a leaven in this newest of new armies of the men who have been soldiers all their life, whose time as reservists has expired, and who have been taken into the new army to teach the boys the elements of discipline. One of the young officers of the Army told me that he was disappointed because some of these old soldiers in his company were always grumbling, but I comforted him by assuring him that this was the inalienable right of the British soldier, and particularly of the old British soldier. It is a habit and nothing else.

THE CLICK OF THE SHUTTER: SNAPSHOTS IN WAR TIME.



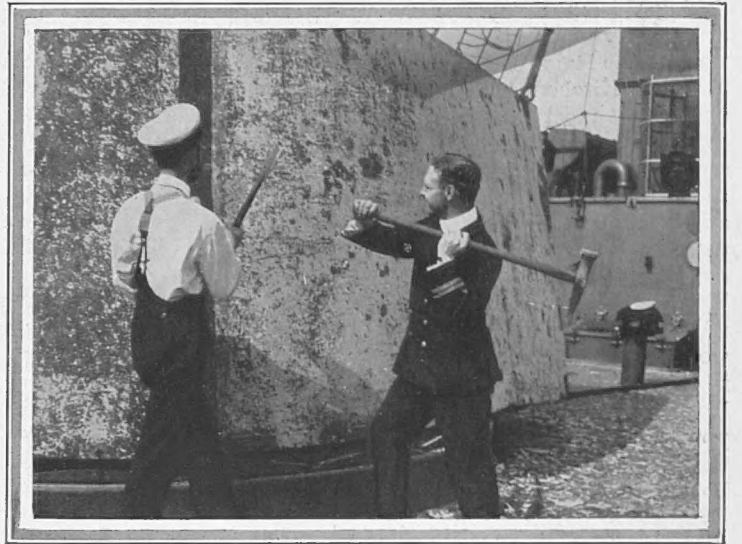
SUFFERING FROM "INTERNAL" COMPLAINTS, BUT OTHERWISE CHEERFUL: BRITISH OFFICERS INTERNED IN HOLLAND AT ANGLO-DUTCH "FOOTER."



HYMNS IN A GRAND STAND? WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS TAKING PART IN A RELIGIOUS SERVICE FOR CONVALESCENTS AT ROUEN.



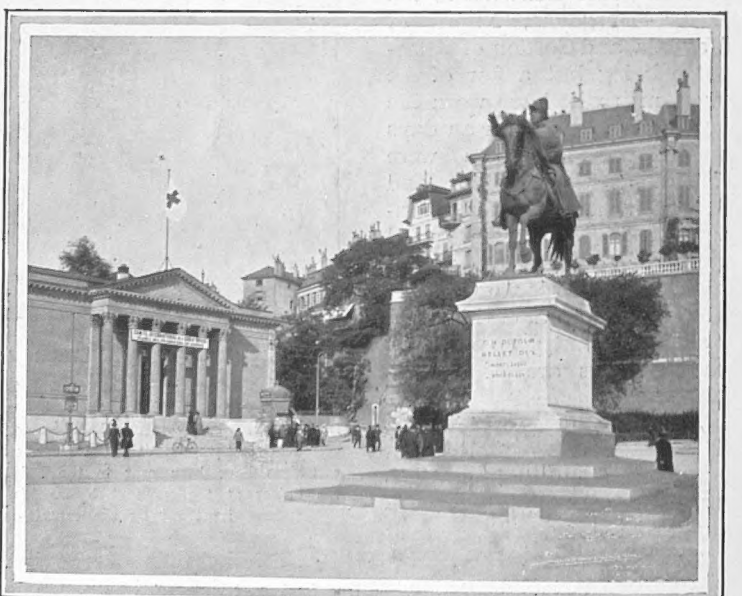
GOOD SPORTS EVERY ONE: THE SPORTSMEN'S BATTALION LEAVING HYDE PARK TO ENTRAIN FOR THEIR NEW QUARTERS IN ESSEX.



NAVY ATTITUDES IN THE NAVY: OFFICERS ON A BRITISH CRUISER KNOCKING PAINT OFF A TURRET, PREPARATORY FOR ACTION.



A DIVA AS MINISTERING ANGEL: MME. PATTI VISITING WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PATTI WARD OF THE SWANSEA HOSPITAL.



A MUSEUM AS AN AGENCY FOR PRISONERS OF WAR: A RED CROSS BRANCH INSTITUTION AT GENEVA.

Most of these photographs explain themselves. With regard to No. 1, it shows some of the officers of the British Naval and Marine Brigades, who were interned in Holland after leaving Antwerp, watching a football match between their own men and a Groningen team.—Mme. Patti (who is Baroness Cederström in private life) had some unpleasant experiences in Austria after the war broke out. At Carlsbad she and her

husband were detained in their hotel, which was threatened by a crowd owing to the presence in it of some French *chefs*.—As regards No. 6, our correspondent mentions that the Prisoners of War Agency, an off-shoot of the International Red Cross Society, has been housed in the Musée Rath at Geneva, lent by the municipal authorities. The statue is of General Dufour, one of the founders of the Geneva Convention.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd., Topical, Detraz, and C.N.

IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE: TRAFALGAR DAY TRIBUTES.



1. TO H.M.S. "AMPHION."
2. TO H.M.S. "PATHFINDER" AND H.M.S. "SPEEDY."
3. "ENGLAND IS LADY OF THE SEA": FROM THE LONDON SOCIETY OF EAST ANGLIANS TO NELSON, WHO WAS BORN IN EAST ANGLIA.

The Navy has carried on the great Nelson tradition and done its duty in such splendid fashion that Trafalgar Day was made this year the motive of a particularly remarkable demonstration of patriotism. From the Navy League and other sources came beautiful floral tributes to the memory of Admiral Lord Nelson and the brave men in the Navy who have given their lives for their country in the present war. The "Amphion," it will be remembered, was sunk by a mine on Aug. 6; the "Pathfinder" was torpedoed by a submarine on Sept. 6; and the "Speedy" sunk by a mine on Sept. 3. The beautiful tribute to Lord Nelson sent by the London Society of East Anglians was a striking reminder that

4. IN MEMORY OF FRENCH SAILORS WHO FELL AT TRAFALGAR.
5. TO H.M.S. "HAWKE" AND H.M.S. "CRESSY."
6. TO H.M.S. "ABOUKIR."
7. TO BRAVE AUSTRALIANS: TO THE CREW OF SUBMARINE "EA 1."

the great Admiral was born at Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, on Sept. 29, 1758, and fell gloriously on the "Victory" on Oct. 21, 1805; and the token of honoured remembrance of the gallant French sailors who fell fighting at Trafalgar was a chivalrous thought on the part of the Navy League. Two beautiful wreaths were in honour of H.M.S. "Hawke," sunk by submarine, Oct. 15, and H.M.S. "Cressy," who met a similar fate on Oct. 22; and a third was a tribute to the "Aboukir," sunk on the same date; and the Navy League sent a handsome trophy in memory of the gallant officers and men of the Australian submarine "EA 1," lost while cruising, on Sept. 14.

BATTLE-ARRAY—OF TWO KINDS: A CAR THEN AND NOW.



LAST MARCH: A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S CAR AT THE CANNES BATTLE OF FLOWERS.



NOW: THE SAME CAR AS AN AMBULANCE CARRYING WOUNDED AT PORTSMOUTH.

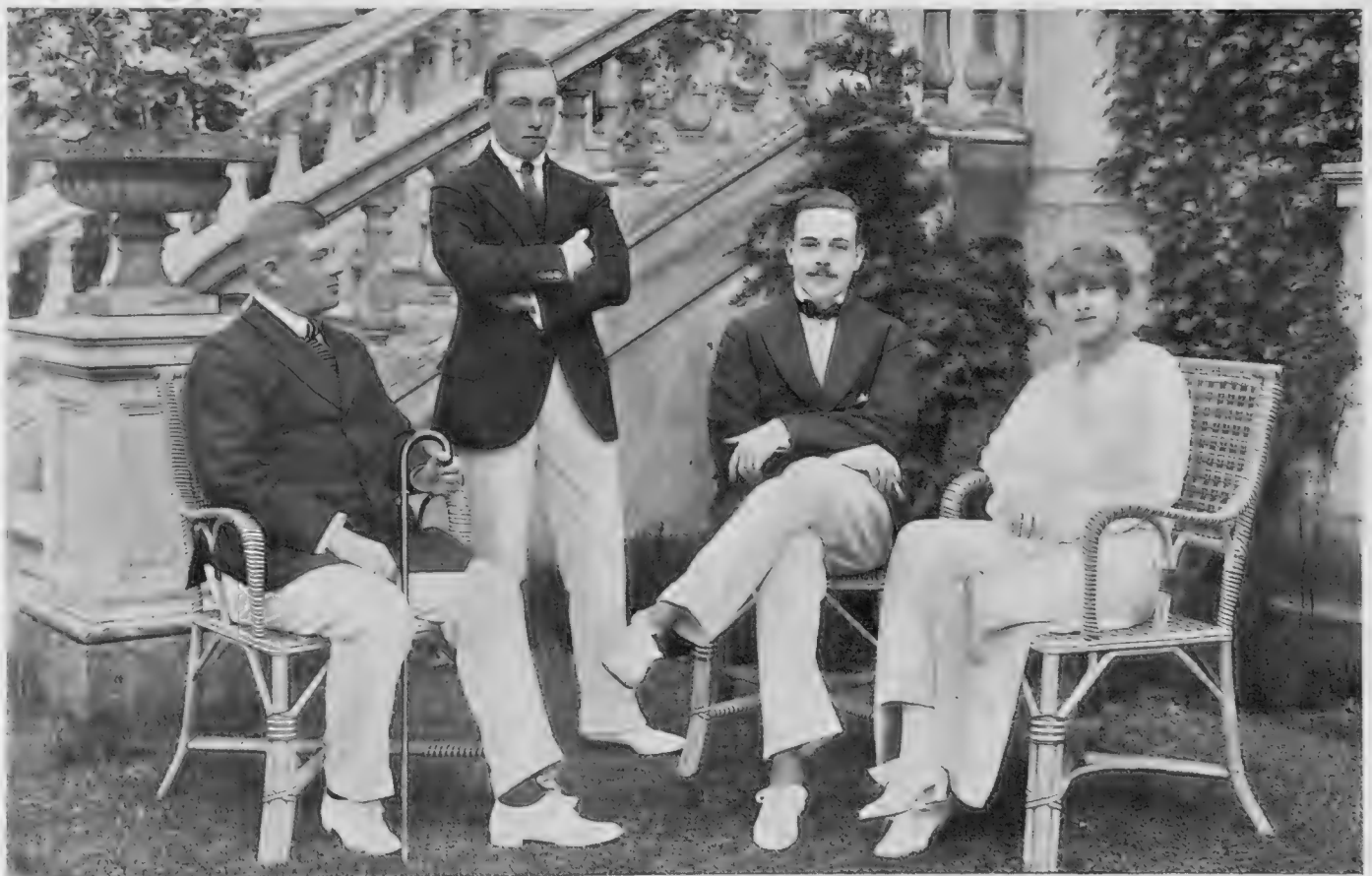
The contrast shown here should surely go home to all owners of pleasure-cars who have not yet realised, it may be from mere inadvertence, how they may render service of the highest value to their fellow-countrymen. The need is urgent, and indeed, a public appeal has already met with a fair response; but there are required very many more cars, whose owners still hang back. The swift and smooth removal of the wounded in similarly converted private motor-cars has already proved the means

of saving valuable lives. Engineer-Commander A. P. L. Dupen, the owner of the car illustrated in its two forms, is on board his ship doing his duty; his wife, not to be behindhand in doing her part, has had the car converted into a motor-ambulance, which is attached to the Hospital Service of the Portsmouth defences, carrying wounded and other invalids at all hours of the day and night. Mrs. Dupen is seen at the wheel of the car in both cases.

MEN WHO HAVE "OFFERED THEMSELVES UNRESERVEDLY."



THE MOST FAVOURED FORM OF HOUSE-PARTY IN WAR TIME: MAJOR AND MRS. WEIGALL'S GUESTS AT PETWOOD.



PORTUGAL'S EX-RULER, WHO OFFERED HIMSELF TO THE KING: KING MANOEL, WITH HIS CONSORT, HER FATHER AND BROTHER.

Major and Mrs. Archibald Weigall, like many other hosts and hostesses in these days, have a house-party consisting of wounded soldiers and nurses at their Lincolnshire home. Major Weigall, who is in the 3rd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment, served in South Africa. Since 1911 he has been M.P. (Unionist) for the Horncastle Division. Mrs. Weigall, formerly Baroness von Eckhardstein, is the only child and heiress of the late Sir Blundell Maple, Bt.—The recent attempted Monarchist risings in Portugal, and the public movement there of sympathy with the Allies, lend interest to the above family group in which King Manoel is seen with his wife, Queen Augustine Victoria,

her father, Prince William of Hohenzollern, and her brother, Prince Frederick. In a recent letter, King Manoel said that during the war "we Portuguese must all be united without distinction of political cause or colour, and we must all strive to maintain the integrity of our beloved country, whether serving in Portugal in home defence or fighting in the ranks of the Allied Army. . . . I have already offered myself unreservedly to his Majesty the King of England for any work that may be of service to the traditional alliance which has existed between the two countries for six centuries."—[Photographs by Harrison and W. S. Stuart.]



CAPTAIN CECIL H. FOX.

IT is recalled that at one time, when he was a very small boy, Captain Fox thought he would like to be either a Colonel in a cavalry regiment, among "spidgited horses," or a professional cricketer. If those were really his ambitions, it is unlikely that they absorbed him much beyond his fourth year. Sea-horses—and they can be sufficiently spirited—were the ones he got astride of at an early age: he was a full-blown midshipman in 1889, and was aboard the *Calliope* during the famous hurricane that seized on Apia Harbour on March 16 and 17 of that year.

The Middy. Against the objections that have been raised to the presence of boys on battle-ships must be ranged the personal records of our officers. Time and again we are shown that the brilliant men are those who have passed through the stiffest ordeals. Blow up a British middy, or wreck him, or put him under fire, or let him take part in a rescue during a storm, and he is sure to distinguish himself. Even if terrific experiences catch him in rather later life, he is seldom the loser—save, perhaps, by an arm or an eye. Even now—and Captain Fox is only one case in point—we are seeing that the survivors of the *Amphion*, the *Hogue*, and the rest, are fitter, and greedier, than most men for work. Nor is Captain Fox alone among the midshipmen of the *Calliope* in having risen to distinction. Admiral Hood, the new commander of the Dover patrol, was with him in the hurricane that wrecked German and American warships with great loss of life, and out of which the British vessel alone escaped. Robert Louis Stevenson, by the way, once listened to the threat of a similar visitation among the trees above Apia, and wrote the next day, "I have always feared the sound of wind above everything. In my hell it would always blow a gale."

"The Bright Face of Danger." Cecil Fox is not a student

of the psychology of fear, and in any case he was too young to draw conclusions from the Apian hurricane. But in one way Stevenson's choice of a pet terror will be understood by men who, like Captain Fox, have sampled all kinds of danger. The assaults of natural and supernatural forces are not always to be resisted; the assaults of men, on the other hand, bring joy to the hearts of the officers and crew of our Navy. The big guns, and even the mines of the enemy, are an exhilaration. On Aug. 5 the *Amphion*, with the Third Flotilla, was informed by a trawler that a suspicious-looking ship has been seen "throwing things overboard" in an indicated position. Captain Fox steered for it, and shortly afterwards the *Königen Louise* was sighted, followed and sunk. A few hours

later—at half-past six in the morning—the *Amphion* struck a mine. A sheet of flame instantly enveloped the bridge, and the Captain, rendered insensible, was burned about the hands and face. When he came to, he ran to the engine-room to stop the engines, which were still going at revolutions for twenty knots. But the ship's back was broken, and the only thing to be done was to get, first the wounded, and then the rest of the crew, into safety. This was done in perfect order within twenty minutes of the first explosion; three minutes after the Captain had left the ship a second explosion sent her to the bottom.

Fleet as a Fox. Then came the time for real alacrity: in something over two weeks Captain Fox had secured a new command! His methods, I am told, were characteristic. The ability which had enabled him to make the *Amphion's* gun record one of the finest in the Fleet, and which has since made the *Undaunted* famous, served him when it came to persuading the Admiralty that his burns amounted to nothing, and that he was in the best sort of trim for an appointment. On Aug. 25 he was given the new flotilla-leader *Faulknor*, but a month later was transferred to the newly commissioned *Undaunted*. The sequel is part of English history.

Destroyer of Destroyers. His gallantry on the *Amphion*, in consequence of which he was received by the King at Buckingham Palace, together with his record of highly proficient service, marked him out as a man whose claims would not be overlooked at the Admiralty. The *Undaunted*—belonging as she does to a class which Mr. Winston Churchill regards with the special solicitude of a parent—was the highest favour that could have been bestowed upon him, but not even the impetuous First Lord could have hoped for so speedy a development of the drama. Within a week four German destroyers were sighted, took their punishment like men, and were sunk.



ONE OF OUR SKILFUL NAVAL COMMANDERS WHO HAVE COME IN FOR "STREAKS OF LUCK": CAPTAIN CECIL H. FOX, OF THE "UNDAUNTED."

Captain Fox, in command of the "Undaunted," led the flotilla which recently sank four German destroyers. Previously he commanded the "Amphion," which sank the "Königen Luise" and was later herself sunk by a mine. Captain Fox was rescued and appointed to the "Faulknor." He was transferred to the "Undaunted" quite recently. He is one of the officers who have had "streaks of luck" in coming across the enemy. His success in action has been due, of course, not to luck, but to skill.—[Photograph by Heath.]

A Plymouth Recollection.

One of the youngest of Post-Captains, Captain Fox studied at the Staff College at Camberley, for three years was First Lieutenant of the training-ship *Impregnable* at Devonport, and was Captain in charge of the Chatham College in 1912 and 1913. Plymouth and Devonport rejoice at his successes. They remember him at Manna-mead, they remember his amiable methods during his period with the *Impregnable* and the *Defiance*, they remember his extraordinarily pretty cricket. Perhaps we may now attach a certain significance to the readiness with which he used to find his length and get his eye in at Mount Wise.

WIFE AND CHILDREN OF A COMMENDED OFFICER.



THE FAMILY TIES OF A SOLDIER WHO HAS DONE PARTICULARLY MARKED AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN CRITICAL SITUATIONS: LADY HAIG, WIFE OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Lady Haig, wife of that fine soldier Sir Douglas Haig, of whom Sir John French said in his recent despatches that of his valuable services he "could not speak too highly," was married to Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig in 1905, and was one of those beautiful twin-sisters, the Hons. Violet and Dorothy Vivian, daughters of the third Baron Vivian, and sisters of the present Peer. As the Hon. Dorothy Maud

Vivian, Lady Haig was a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, and to Queen Alexandra, and she is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Lady Haig has two daughters—Alexandra Henrietta Louisa, born 1907, and Victoria Doris Rachel, born 1908. Lieutenant-General Haig entered the 7th Hussars in 1885, and has served with distinction in many campaigns.—[Photograph by Robinson.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

LAST week the Gaekwar of Baroda was received in private audience at Buckingham Palace, and an old incident (to which, by the way, the Gaekwar has never pleaded guilty) is finally closed. The war has given the Indian Prince his opportunity; he has put all his men and horses at the service of the Allies, he himself is braving an English winter in the hope that he may be useful personally, and though his suppers at the Savoy have the look of peace, his days and cheque-book are given up to the special needs of the moment.

Misfortunate Marshal! The rumours that float round without ever getting into the papers have a peculiar attraction for a world surfeited with war editions, and enjoy longer life than any published facts or fictions. Among them the story of the execution of a French General is particularly long in dying; and a recent version is, perhaps, worthy of record. "Yes, we hear little bits of news that don't reach you in London," said the ancient retainer of a great mansion the other day; "little things that come to us by way of the butler. I don't mind telling you, though I shouldn't, that Lord Kitchener went to Paris the other day and shot a Court Marshal!"

Murdering the King's English. Grimmer is another, and genuine, case of a verbal misunderstanding. A German wife was seeking news of her husband, who had been arrested and taken to the lock-up at Olympia. She had the vaguest notions of his fate, and a very limited understanding of English. The guardian at the gate tried to explain to her that a batch of Germans, including her husband, had been moved on to Aldershot. "All shot?" she repeated, and fainted.

The Baptism of Bandages. Not unlike the baptism of fire, which sends shivers

down some backs and leaves others indifferent, is the first experience of a hospital nurse. The Duchess of Sutherland, under the pressure of a great and urgent demand, found herself bathing and dressing wounds without a tremor. Lady Juliet Duff, however, having volunteered to take the place of an experienced nurse who wanted to go from a London hospital to the front, was much less easy. She put herself unreservedly at the disposal of the matron, and was detailed off to be present at a very grave operation. The result was that she fainted, and although she braced herself up to the point of serving tea to other cases and getting through the rest of the day's work, she found a substitute the next morning. Her fears for her husband at the front, unhappily, have been confirmed by the sad news of his death.

"Nellie of Mons." Miss Nellie Hozier makes two fleeting appearances in the Duchess's book. They met within sound of the guns, and, while news of workers at the front is so scarce, the relation of any chance encounters of the kind must be welcome. Miss Angela Manners and Miss Nellie Hozier,

we read, went down from Brussels to Mons with a small ambulance wagon. They got a permit from the German authorities through a free use of Mr. Winston Churchill's name—"the Germans like well-known people," the Duchess remarks. Miss Hozier seems to have done great work, and her sister and the First Lord have no difficulty in giving the new little Churchill girl a name that will also be a commemoration of 1914. It is probable that she will be called after "Nellie of Mons."



A CARMELITE NUN: MISS DOROTHY TRAFFORD, WHO HAS TAKEN THE VEIL.

The daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, Miss Trafford belongs to a well-known Roman Catholic family, and has just taken the veil and entered the Carmelite Convent at Leeds.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Books and Bombs. Earlier in the year Count Kessler was in London. He was full of Russian opera, of books, bindings, and type founts—an attractive young man of the world with an unexpected passion for samples of antique paper and the technique of printing. Many Londoners must have wondered what had happened to him after his return to Germany, and now he stands partly revealed—in the slate-grey of the Kaiser's uniform—on one of the pages of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland's "Six Weeks at the War." They met in bomb-stricken Namur: "General von Bülow did me the honour to call at our ambulance," writes the Duchess. "He was accompanied by Count Kessler, his Aide-de-Camp, who composed the scenario of 'La Légende de Joseph.' It was very odd to meet him under such circumstances, after having so often discussed 'art' with him in London."—"I asked Sir Alan Johnstone, the British Minister,

to take me to the Palace of Peace," writes the Duchess of her visit to the Hague after escaping the horrors of Belgium. "It was late in the evening, and the gates were closed. I am afraid this modern building is so ugly that it will offend the rumoured artistic tendencies of the German Emperor when he does penance there!" But the town itself she found to be a miniature city of delight, "like an ancient English print in an antique frame," and all Holland was at peace, "the homesteads smiling, the cattle grazing comfortably, nothing burnt, nothing destroyed! Heaven keep Holland in peace." Sir Alan Johnstone, however peaceful his surroundings, is steeped in affairs of war, and has personal as well as international anxieties. Mr. "Crinks" Johnstone, his son, is just off to the front. It is doubly trying when public and personal anxieties inevitably overlap.



WEIGHED AND NOT FOUND WANTING! THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Little Miss Priscilla Weigall is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Weigall. Her father is Unionist Member for the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire, and her mother the only child of the late Sir John Blundell Maple. Mrs. Weigall was married first to Baron von Eckhardstein, and secondly, in 1910, to Major Weigall, a son of Lady Rose Weigall, second daughter of the eleventh Earl of Westmorland, and author of "Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland," etc.

Photograph by Harrison.

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MANGOLD - WURZELS AGAIN (WAR VARIETY).



BAIT FOR BLACK MARIA: LLOYD GEORGE'S OWN (FRENCH BATTALION) IN THE FIELD!

The Press Bureau "takes no responsibility for the accuracy of the following statement," but which we note, however, comes from the always reliable French official sources: "A French official despatch recently described an ingenious ruse carried out by the French infantry. A field of mangold-wurzels having been noted in a position suitable for drawing the enemy's fire, a number of the projecting roots were adorned at night

with the French soldiers' képis. The caps were so distributed as to suggest the disposition of infantrymen lying in open order, and with the aid of a mist which prevailed next day, the desired effect was quite realistically obtained. For some time the German guns bombarded the innocent turnip-field, while the owners of the decoy caps looked on in glee from a position of safety."

DRAWN BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



THE OLDEST MILITARY SCIENCE IN THE WORLD.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Lieutenant of Lancers uttered a few words in his guttural voice, and the patrol halted at once. At no time had it been a patrol *par excellence*, for it was too much bunched together for effective work. Taught by the culture which was the distinctive glory of their race that their personal well-being was necessary to the intellectual permanence of the world, the two troopers forming the advance-point had eased back to the aura of greater immunity afforded by the main body of the patrol. With the same philosophic appreciation of the better part of valour, the rear-guard points had closed up to within fifteen yards of the main group. So they had gone forward through a country notoriously infested with an enemy absurdly eager to kill. Now when they ceased to move, their formation was even more unworkmanlike; they stood in a solid group on the top of a small rise, an excellent and inviting target for any craftsmen with the rifle.

The Lieutenant had halted his little force, because culture in him had run to caution. He had spent all the afternoon remembering how many patrols such as his had ridden out into this tract of enemy-infested land and how few had returned. He was remembering not only what was expected of him by his commander, but what he expected of himself. The latter held most sway in his thoughts. While he would have regretted that his army should suffer defeat through his lack of alertness, he felt that he would regret a great deal more his own sudden death from the same cause. All to-day he and his Lancers had spent their time in examining the homely face of Nature with unwinking vigilance. Not only had their eyes searched with exquisite care every bush likely to ambush armies, but at certain decisive points the patrol had been halted so that the universe might be subjected to a long and steady scrutiny before the irretrievable step of going forward was taken. It was at just such a point that they had halted now.

The force had come to a little rise from which the road led, via a heather-filled dip, to a further and more imposing hill. At the top of this remoter hill a clump of trees bulked dramatically against the sky. It was not a large clump, for the men could see the evening sky set like pieces of mother-o'-pearl between the trunks and lower branches of the trees. Still, in warfare, even small clumps can be fatal, and since just such clumps as these had proved exceedingly dangerous to other patrols, the Lieutenant paused, and, with the caution of a thorough-going citizen, examined the landscape.

The trees remained unmoved. Naught stirred amid them, no hint of lurking enemy showed on the moistly glowing plaques of pearl, no sign of human creature came out upon the hard rim of sky-line where the crest of the road cut into the burning furnace of the dying day. The place was an exquisite vignette executed by some grand impressionist of peace. Its implacable calm strove to coerce man to reassurance. It seemed to demand of the world "Could I be what I am if war were lurking in my heart?"

The Lieutenant was not impressed.

To him the clump of trees held potentialities of the ominous. To him it seemed as if it over-did its peacefulness. It seemed too exquisite to be true. He was young enough to decide that sentiment should have no sway with him. He was not going to be sentimental, and be killed for the sake of a Whistler view. His rather high, unpleasant voice spoke again. As he spoke his men came off their horses as though actuated by some well-oiled interior mechanism, the picket took the reins from the dismounted troopers, his orderly took the Lieutenant's reins. With a one last and almost appealing glance at the trees, the men opened out and began to move towards them through the heather.

The men went forward slowly and with rock-bound caution. It was obvious that they felt that at any moment the trees might blaze in fire, and death would come spitting out at them. Always their dreadfully expectant eyes were fixed upon the clump, always their carbines were held aggressively at the ready. As they went

forward the heather enfolded and half hid them, so that they looked like men wading in a mauve-tinted sea.

The clump of trees remained determinedly immobile. The stippled perfection of the sky slowly toned behind them until the pieces inserted between their trunks burnt out like jewels of fire-opal. As they went forward, too, these spaces grew before the men's eyes, and in this manner made every detail in and about the clump visible and precise to them. They looked at it closely. They saw it as a small, bucolic copse not without beauty. There were very few bushes in it, and the flat felting of grass, where the trees allowed grass to grow, was, they perceived, unoccupied by things living. They were heartened. They even began to advance with more assurance. They remembered that, after all, they were soldiers of an invincible army, and that they had rifles in their hands—to say nothing of swift horses within call. They began to feel their destiny as invaders; then, suddenly, a trooper on the extreme right flung up his hand, and they heard his hissing whisper: "A house! There is a house."

At a wave of the hand the line of men vanished beneath the fretted fronds of heather, and remained there, their glances fixed towards the house they could not see, their fingers feeling nervously at their rifle-triggers. The Lieutenant bent double, and, under the screen of the heather, went swiftly towards the trooper who had signalled.

The trooper pointed with his arm, and the Lieutenant saw a house. It was a dainty house, built long and low. Just now it bulked with a calm darkness against the fading pigments of the day. Like the clump of trees, it showed to the world a face of peace rather than a visage grim with war. The Lieutenant examined it with his eyes, and, as best he could in this light, through his field-glasses. To him it had the appearance of a decent, homely country château. A place part farm, but most residence. The whole of this land was filled with places such as these, houses where the volatile people of the capital could come out for rest and a playing at the agricultural life. He could see that it was built in the rococo style that strove to lend to it the aspect of a farm, and merely gave it the appearance of pretty comfort. Certainly it was without the slightest appearance of martial occupation or preparation for war. All the same, the Lieutenant was not taking any risks. He was not going to let any sentimental fancies for a place over-ride his sense of alertness. He was deciding in his mind whether he should move his men on to the place in one swift rush of open order, or whether he should follow the highest military tradition of his army, and fire on it without troubling to find out whether there were or were not combatants in it, when something happened. Someone moved in front of the house. Moved about, came out of its shadow and moved down towards them through the gathering dusk of the trees.

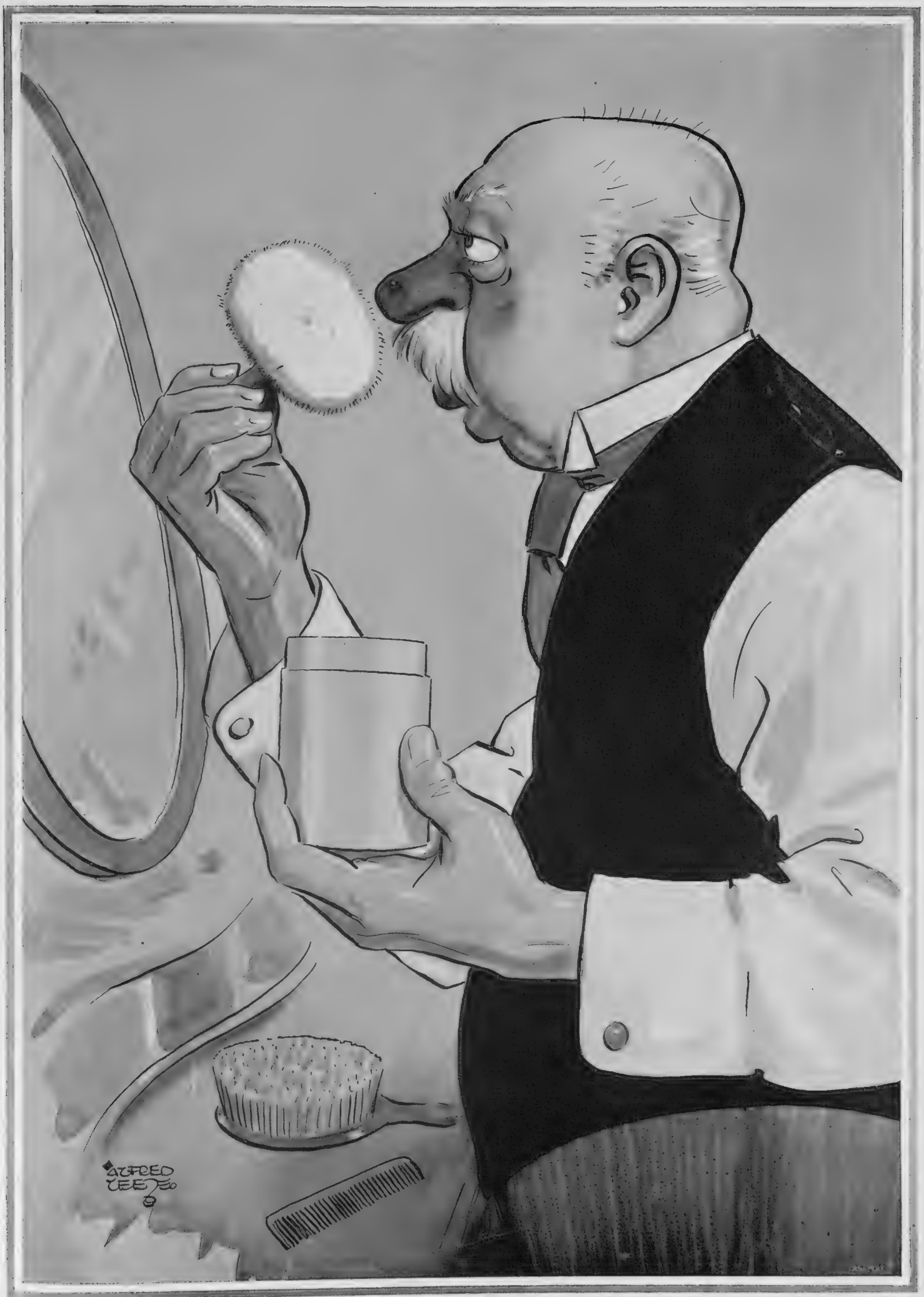
The cavalryman at the Lieutenant's side at once threw up his carbine. His cheek came down against the stock, and his eyes dropped across the sights dead on to the moving figure. He would have fired, but the Lieutenant stopped him. His hand touched the man's sleeve, and he said—

"No, or rather, not yet. It is a woman."

The woman came softly through the trees, and they watched her as she moved. She was clad in a close frock that made her a milk-white column moving against the trees. She walked with imperturbable steps, and there was that in the lilt of her stride that, in spite of the gathering dark of night, told the Lieutenant she was young and slim, and possibly beautiful. He was not sentimental, but he knew how beautiful women fitted into the scheme of the world. He watched her, trying to make her out, trying to discover what was her object, if she had an object, out here in the evening. The woman, regardless of his fierce gaze, walked calmly among the trees. She went in trailing slowness and presently she stopped. She had come to the edge of the trees beyond it. She stood there quietly, looking out on to the world. The Lieutenant gave a guttural little cough. He knew the woman was harmless, she was looking at the sunset.

[Continued overleaf.]

LIGHTS OUT !



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ENDEAVOURING TO COMPLY WITH THE NEW POLICE REGULATIONS.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

He had also seen her profile, and that, too, in some subtle way, had decided him she was harmless. The profile was one of great beauty.

He dropped the glasses through which the profile had been made manifest, and he turned to the trooper.

"Follow me at fifty paces," he whispered. "Also pass the word that the rest of the patrol are to be ready if I should call." He sensed the snigger that lay behind the inscrutable face of the cavalryman—who, no doubt, had seen the profile, too. "We shall probably be able to get a billet here for the night," he said with dignity.

He walked quietly up the hill, keeping in the shade, so that the woman had no chance to see him as he came, and as he advanced he began to feel that he was showing great wisdom. The place did not get any more peaceful, it was saturated with no more calm now than it had been at first; but, on the other hand, his other first impression, that of the woman, did increase in quality. She became beautiful, and yet more beautiful. When he got clear of the heather, and close to her, the soft pile of the grass smothered his tread and she was yet unable to hear him. At the same time it enabled him to observe her. His first estimate had been right. She was slim, well bred, exquisitely gowned, exquisitely featured. She might have deliberately chosen her place of vantage for its effect, so well did it express her being to its greatest advantage. The last gleam of the day shone on her delicate face, and she seemed to stand there in the great limelight of the heavens as though expressly posed for all men to see and to admire. The Lieutenant felt that there would be no question about "might"; the patrol *would* billet at the house that night. His Spartan conscience told him that a pretty face had blunted his alertness. He told his Spartan conscience not to be a fool. It was perfectly obvious, he insisted interiorly, that where there was a woman like this, when a woman like this could saunter out and look at a sunset, there could be no fear of lurking enemies with their tools of wounding and ugly death.

He took off his helmet, which was a concession to her looks rather than to her sex, and he asked pardon for interrupting her contemplation. He did not desire to be polite; he desired to be on the best possible terms with this exquisite creature from the outset.

The woman started violently, perhaps very violently, and she betrayed her innocence of lurking soldiery, so the Lieutenant thought, in the very first words she said. For she said, "Oh, you did startle me. I did not know that anyone was here!"—words that might have been deeply calculated if they had not issued from a creature so prettily ingenuous, the Lieutenant decided. He apologised for the start he had given her, and as he apologised she stepped back with eyes wide with fright, for now she saw him properly.

"The enemy!" she gasped in fearful tones. "The enemy!"

"The enemy of your army—yes, Mademoiselle," he said, forgetting certain incidents of the war. "Not of women." He bowed a little. "You have nothing to fear, Mademoiselle. We do not make war on women." She was still frightened—prettily. "Have no fear, Mademoiselle," he again insisted. "We are not going to fight. It is only a patrol I have here." His Spartan conscience was so far intoxicated by the pretty face that it made no protest at this gross betrayal of information. The woman shuddered a little.

"You make me afraid," she cried. "Why are you here? What do you want in this place? Surely we have nothing to do with your terrible war—here?" She made with her small white hand a fine gesture that embraced the whole peaceful essence of the spot. The Lieutenant had reason to be a little bit elated. If he had betrayed his strength, she had betrayed her weakness. She had told him without his asking that no ambuscading enemy hid in the house.

"There will be no war here," he said. "We do not want to fight in so serene a place as this unless your soldiers make us." His chest inflated just an inch or two so that she should see how magnificently he could fight if fighting there was to be. "There are none of your soldiers about here, Mademoiselle?"

Again she swept her hand to enfold the aura of the place. "Has it the look of soldiers or war?" she demanded scornfully. And though that was not an answer, the Lieutenant understood her meaning.

"It is very beautiful," he said, with what he felt to be extraordinary diplomacy. "So beautiful that I would like to make my camp here for the night. . . . We have to camp somewhere, you see, Mademoiselle. And to bivouac in that beautiful house—it would be charming." His tone had a personal inflection, and that inflection went home. She was the daughter of an enemy, yes; but she was a woman into the bargain. Out of the depths of his youth the Lieutenant knew women. Without being more than pardonably vain, he was conscious of his young but passable moustache, his heroic military bearing, his cavalry air; and he knew the effect of these essentials of life on the delicate fabric of the fluttering feminine heart. It was hard on women to subject them to these temptations, but it was useful. The woman answered in a tone that lost some of its resigned dignity because of her blushes.

"It is you that have the power here. If you wish to stay, a woman will not be able to stop you."

"I would rather that it were at your invitation than my command," he said gallantly. And at that she looked at him swiftly, and then dropped her eyes. But he felt that it was easy to translate the half-smile on her lips. As she dropped her glance, her hands made a gesture, and he knew that he had won his way. "You can billet my men, then?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him; there is a big barn that would hold soldiers. I should say it would hold thirty soldiers. I will show it to you."

"The barn will be splendid," the Lieutenant said. "I have but fifteen men. I will call them up, so that I can get them off my hands at once." He wondered whether that implied compliment would please her. He thought she blushed and smiled again. He turned about and called out to the trooper who had followed him. "It is all right. Bring the men up at once. The lady has given us leave to billet here."

"I hope your troopers will be considerate to my servants," the woman said. "I should not like them to come to harm." She smiled up at him, quite frankly. The Lieutenant felt that her trust in him was adorable.

"Never fear," he cried. "The men will answer to me if there is the slightest injury to one of the people in your house."

The big barn stood in a sort of farmyard enclosed by a wall, and entered by a great double gate. The gate was shut, but they were able to enter through a wicket. As they entered the woman called out to one of two men who were working in the yard, and this man went to the gate and held open one of its wings so that the patrol could enter. The other man came forward to meet the woman. Both were obviously farm-hands, for not only did they wear the long workman's blouse, but they showed no signs of amazement, but stood blinking bucolically at even the untoward apparition of their enemy's uniform. The woman explained to the second man who the Lieutenant was, and how they were to prepare to billet the patrol in the barn.

"In the barn—yes, Mademoiselle," said the creature in his dull way. "We have plenty of accommodation for the soldiers in the barn."

He stood by the woman as though expecting other commands. Before any could be given the troopers of the patrol rode into the yard. The woman walked a little way towards the entrance of the house to be out of the way of the prancing turmoil of the horses. The man in the blouse drew back too. The Lieutenant would have gone with her, but first he had to get rid of his duties towards his troopers. He did not really mind this—an officer is shown to excellent effect in the brisk handling of his men.

In a thoroughly businesslike way he dismounted his patrol, brought them to attention, gave them a little lecture on the seemliness of their future behaviour, whistled them to "off-saddle" and pile arms. Then he dismissed them to their barn.

He even stood watching them (*she* would know him as the careful father of his troopers) as they led their horses to the barn. It was a fine picture, at once martial and homely. The men, their day's work done, walked in picturesque but easy attitudes under the mellow light of the windows of the château. He watched them go with an emotion of pride. The first of the group reached the door and fumbled at its bolt, the rest grouping round in bizarre attitudes as they waited. The great barn door swung open. Curiously, there was a bright light inside the building. More curious still, the tired cavalrymen sprang back from the open door with wild cries and deep oaths. Then, amazing action, they stood back and put their hands above their heads. The Lieutenant started and stepped forward. That step showed him the interior of the great barn. The great barn that could accommodate thirty soldiers already accommodated them. About a vicious little mitrailleuse and behind a gleaming line of bayonets, thirty infantry of the enemy's line grinned out at the discomfited and dumbfounded troopers. The Lieutenant could not believe his eyes. He glanced wildly around. He saw that the great flap of the gate was shut, and against it the workman of the blouse had taken his stand. Only now he wore no blouse. He had whipped it off, and above the blue linen and baggy breeches of the field-labourer he showed the tunic of an infantry officer. More to the point, he held in his hands two very serviceable revolvers. The Lieutenant gasped, cursed, and plucked madly at his own holster. As he did so a voice, no longer dull and bucolic, snapped crisply in his ear—

"Put your hands above your head, Lieutenant, or by heaven you are dead!"

As his hands soared aloft he turned. The second labourer was facing him, holding a heavy revolver in his very face. The man still wore his blouse, but he had torn it open at the neck, and beneath it were the shoulder-straps of a captain of infantry.

The Lieutenant turned from the menace in this man's hand to the woman. The woman stood there calmly. She was still beautiful, still alluring with the allure that had been his undoing. Also, she was still smiling. It was the same smile, the smile that he had found so shy and attractive. He did not find it shy and attractive now. But now, of course, he had discovered its real meaning.

THE END.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Genius of the Nations.

This, assuredly, is the day of the little nations. From tiny Montenegro to populous Belgium, they have shown themselves of an undaunted courage and possessed of unfailing resource. Big bully-nations like Germany are always apt to overlook the personal note, the intrinsic qualities, of other peoples than their own. They look only at the number of *képis* or the range of the guns, and forget that in war, as in other things, "man's unconquerable mind" is one of the chief factors of the game. The Kaiser's taunts, such as "French's contemptible little army," have done him incalculable harm. This famous phrase has only stiffened the British upper lip, and will cost him dear. Some evil genius must have inspired Wilhelm II. to write such an "order," for we all know the aphorism that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first send mad. It is curious that Queen Victoria's grandson should not be better acquainted with the psychology of Englishmen. He once had many English friends; he knows England well, but he does not, apparently, grasp the tenacity, the power of endurance of the Briton in his little island. Neither did he perceive nor guess the heroism latent in Belgium. What the Danes are thinking we can only guess, or gather from private sources. It is not too much to say that at present Denmark, which had Schleswig-Holstein torn from her in 1864, has no love for the Hohenzollern dynasty. As a matter of fact, she lives in terror of being forced, by Germany, to make war on our fleet. Of all the little nations of Europe, Denmark is most to be pitied. The others, except Holland, are "captains of their soul," and can take what action they please.

Why Not Copy Napoleon?

We are engaged at present, like France at the time of the Revolution, in rousing a nation to arms. And, indeed, we are in as great and pressing a need as was Napoleon in 1795 to train quickly a huge and enthusiastic army, capable of carrying the flag to victory. We know that the greatest General of all times accomplished his task, but how? Certainly not in the way we are raising and treating our citizen forces. We want a great democratic army, in which all classes are mingled, but there should

army, every French soldier, he declared, "carried a Field-Marshal's bâton in his knapsack." Up to the other day, we have been kept in ignorance by the authorities of all the brilliant and heroic deeds of our men at the front. The French, true to their admirable system, are bestowing crosses of the Legion of Honour, and some of these have fallen to our men. Napoleon made Marshals of his soldiers, men from the ranks, on the fields of Austerlitz and Jena. Without going so far as this, we might reasonably hearten our stalwart recruits by giving them some hope of glory to reward the great efforts and self-sacrifice they are showing. At present the youth in khaki who marches so cheerily along the streets, with no sign of gratitude from the loafers and idlers, has only his own patriotism to cheer him up.

The Courage Which Moves a Crowd.

It is amazing how the action of one quiet man can influence an enormous crowd. A gesture is made, and for good or ill the psychology of the crowd is acted on immediately. The other night, at the Coliseum, patriotic choruses were announced, with the various Allies impersonated by their national flag and costume. Japan, a small lady in a kimono composed of the banner of Nippon, stood forward while the strange national hymn of the Far East was sung. Yet no one rose. It looked as if Belgium and the Brabançonne would be slighted in the same way by the huge audience, when one solitary person—a rather big man—suddenly rose to his feet resolutely in the stalls. In less than half a second, the whole house, to the topmost gallery, had risen, and showed their good taste and good feeling by remaining "at attention" while the Belgian and Russian national hymns, the ever-thrilling "Marseillaise," and "Rule, Britannia!"—offered up to a robust and handsome young person in helmet, shield, and trident—had been sung, as well as "God Save the King," in which the audience joined. A crowd, it is well known, always requires a leader, and it will respond with amazing quickness to any suggestion made to it. Not otherwise could armies fight and men lead forlorn hopes.

Our Imperilled Art Treasures.

While all the drawing-rooms and clubs, not to mention the daily and evening papers, have been talking about Zeppelin raids and how we civilians should save our not particularly precious persons, only Sir Claude Phillips has taken up, with energy, the cause of the protection of our priceless treasures in the National Gallery and the British Museum. To think of London with calcined Parthenon bas-reliefs or with charred frames where once hung the sublimest paintings of Leonardo, Turner, or Titian, not to speak of all the other famous treasures we possess, is to envisage an irreparably impoverished city. Happily, the matter was brought before the Cabinet—and we can breathe again.



A COSY TRAVELLING-COAT OF "REEFER."

A cosy travelling-coat made of dark-blue "reefer" and lined with Scotch plaid. The belt is placed low on the coat and fastened with a metal buckle.



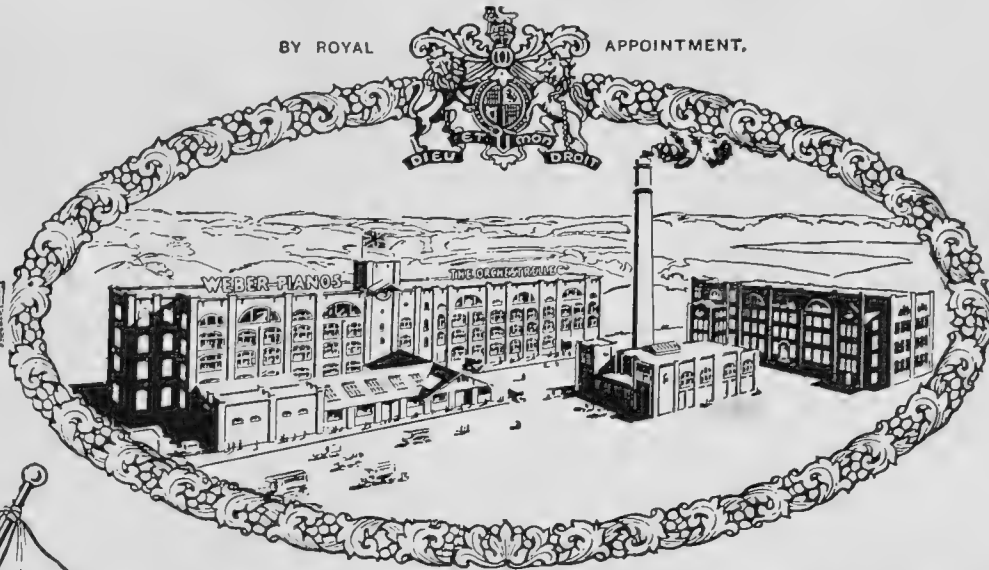
A MORNING COSTUME FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

A morning costume of stone-grey gabardine. The coat has a collar of skunk, and is ornamented with gun-metal buttons. Both the coat and the skirt have panels of knife-pleating, back and front. The hat is of stone-grey beaver with a band of silver metallic ribbon and two ribbon Mercury wings.

be a thorough understanding that honours and prompt promotion will be bestowed irrespective of class, and on the field itself, instead of months or years hence. In Napoleon's great

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

What Every Woman Wears

Is black velvet in some way, either hat, coat, dress, or trimming. It is, from a becoming point of view, a great gain; there is nothing more becoming in the winter, except fur, and there is no fabric that harmonises more perfectly with every variety of fur. We get our velvet made in England or by our French allies, so we can be smart and patriotic at the same time. Velours, especially for hats, is more expensive than usual, because the cheaper variety came from Germany, like so many other cheap things. However, we begin to find that we made too much of a fetish of cheapness, and that among the German characteristics that are disappearing from our midst is that of meretriciousness. If we pay more for things, we are fast finding out that we are obtaining better value, and we recognise another beneficial outcome of this evil war.

Curative and Comforting.

The Empress of Russia, who is taking a tremendous interest in the Russian troops, has ordered from the proprietors of Dr. J. Collis Browne's chlorodyne a large quantity of that famous medicine. Her Majesty—who, like all Russian ladies of high degree, knows a great deal about medicine—is well aware of the preventive qualities of chlorodyne for intestinal complaints, and its fine curative property also in dysentery and other kindred ailments.



A MILITARY M.P.: CAPTAIN ALAN BURGOWNE, MEMBER FOR KENSINGTON, N.

Captain Alan Hughes Burgoyne is an ardent Imperialist, a great traveller, an authority and voluminous writer on naval and military subjects, particularly the former, and a member of the Naval and Military Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce. Captain Burgoyne will be a valuable addition to the long and ever-growing list of M.P.s who are serving with the Colours. — [Photograph by Medrington.]

large portrait of the Kaiser in her bedroom (she is the recipient of English hospitality until she can be sent home), and a domestic revolt has resulted, servants refuse to wait on her. Who can blame them? Until the war is over all Germans, naturalised or not, should be kept well in the background, especially those of them who are wealthy and well educated.

Place aux Fils.

It is quaintly said that in war-time there are more boys than girls born on this planet. Certainly of late there have been many boys' arrivals chronicled. Lord and Lady Gormanston, Lord and Lady Ipswich, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are a few among those who have had boy war-babies; I hear that among soldiers' wives of all degree boys have arrived and are arriving very much more frequently than girls, although Lord and Lady Salisbury's first grandchild is a girl. The theory is that Nature with commendable consideration makes up for loss in war. We know that the old lady is careful, and as a nation we are much obliged to her. Male Britishers are gifts worth having, as our gallant soldiers and sailors are proving.

What We are All Glad to Hear

Is that Aspirin, which we know to be invaluable as a drug, will no longer be sold under that name, which is a German trade appellation. It is henceforth to be sold as Helicon, and it is being manufactured in this country. As Helicon it is being prescribed by doctors and supplied by chemists; as Helicon the British public will gladly welcome it as a British product. Its chemical constituents are in no particular altered; it is our old friend under a new and more acceptable name.



HON. COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE OPTIMISTS' NATIONAL CORPS: GENERAL SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C.

The valuable force with the delightfully sanguine name is largely composed of business men in managerial positions which prevent them at present from enlisting in the Army. It is a self-supporting Corps which expects soon to have enrolled 10,000 members—a big national asset. Its headquarters and drill-hall are at the old German Gymnasium, 26, Pancras Road, King's Cross, and it has a most distinguished Honorary Colonel-in-Chief, General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., who has a brilliant record since he joined the Service in 1866, as an Ensign in the 95th Foot. General Sir O'Moore Creagh won his Victoria Cross in the Afghan War, 1879-80, and has been Commander-in-Chief, India, since 1909. — [Photograph by Sarony.]

A Generous Offer. Of giving gifts there is no end at this time of national stress. Messrs. Nestlé gave 12,000 tins of their invaluable condensed milk for the use of our noble but sadly distressed Belgian guests. They are now moved to a still further generosity, and will actually present one tin free for every two ordered for this most patriotic cause. If a case of forty-eight large tins is ordered, Nestlé's will send seventy-two for the 30s., and in similar proportion will add to all orders up to 48,000 tins. Our readers who wish to benefit our Belgian guests should mark their orders to Nestlé's "Belgian Relief Fund," and address them to the firm, 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C., and Messrs. Nestlé will deliver the tins to the Fund direct.

It was a happy idea of Mrs. Hugh Spottiswoode to organise a "Tatler Games Bureau" to provide amusement and recreation for our convalescent wounded in the various hospitals and homes,

and it is pleasant to picture the brave fellows beguiling their enforced leisure with cards, dominoes, draughts, chess, jigsaw, patience, race-games, Halma, and the new Cavalry card game, kindly supplied by the public who owe so much to them. Mrs. Hugh Spottiswoode is herself acting as Hon. Superintendent, and will be glad to receive games or donations at the "Tatler Games Bureau," Great New Street, London, E.C.



RUSSIAN SOCIETY IN RED-CROSS KIT: PRINCE AND PRINCESS PETER WOLKONSKY, WHO HAVE PROVIDED A FULLY EQUIPPED FIELD HOSPITAL AND HAVE GONE TO THE FRONT WITH IT.

Generous to a degree which is characteristic of the Russian nobility, who are apt to think in millions, the gift of Prince and Princess Peter Wolkonsky will be invaluable at the front, where field hospitals are inevitably in constant request. It is good to know, also, that similar acts of generosity are being performed by members of other great families in Russia. The Prince and Princess are well known in London, and the Princess Wolkonsky, being a descendant of the Ambassador, Prince Woronzow, is closely related to several leading British families. The Prince and Princess have gone to the front with the field hospital.

In reproducing recently the photographs of the excellent "Alexandra Message Books," we mentioned the name of Sir William Murray. It should have been Colonel Sir Charles Wyndham Murray, C.B.



THE "YORK."



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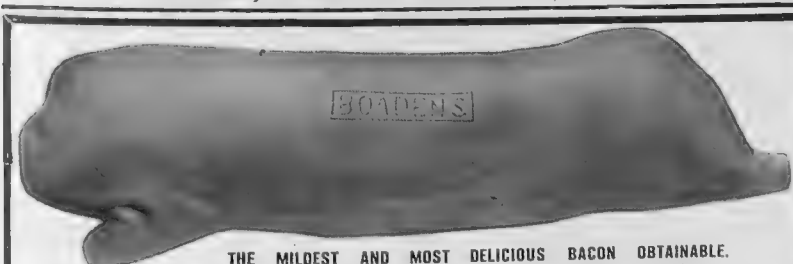
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DANGEROUS DARKNESS: IF THE ZEPPELINS CAME TO LONDON: WHAT IS A "POWERFUL" LAMP?

Why This Darkness?

The great British public has ever a profound respect for authority, and is always loath to cavil at anything in the nature of an official decree—save, of course, when political differences are involved. Less willing than ever, however, are the denizens of the Metropolis to question any newly made rule in this present time of war, lest they should appear thereby to be guilty of selfish and unpatriotic feelings. But London has now been wrapped in darkness for a period of time which has enabled people to consider the why and wherefore of what has come to be regarded as an extraordinary and needless ukase.

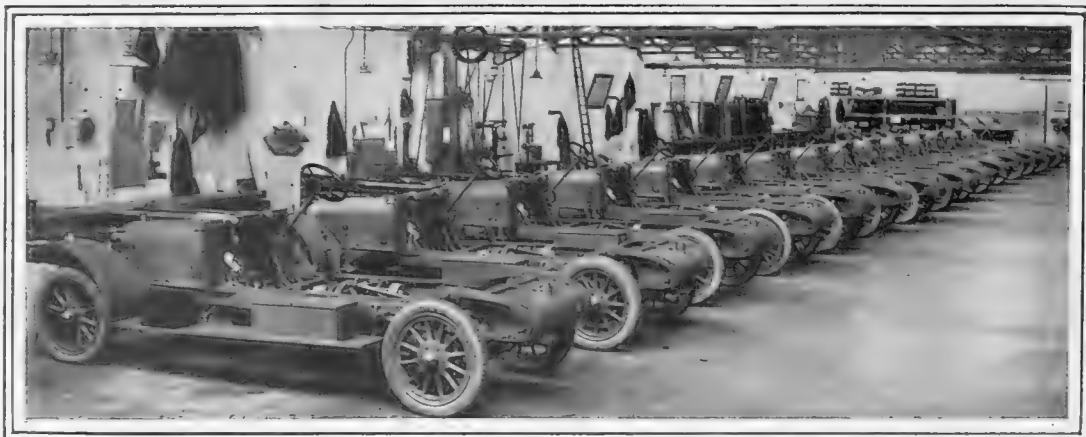
"Out of the Frying-Pan."

The risk of accident is profound, and the full measure of the "dim lights" rule does not seem to have been contemplated in advance by the authorities concerned. If only our street-lamps and shop-fronts had been made less bright, leaving vehicles to pick their way by the aid of their own lights; or if the latter had been reduced, but the situation were saved by the rays from the shop-windows and usual street-lighting, matters would have been wholly different. As things stand, however, vehicular locomotion is being conducted under conditions which have never before been known, for although there was a time when municipal lamps had not been invented, nor were shop-fronts aglow with electricity and plate-glass, street traffic was of a totally different character from that which is now the normal type. Under present conditions, in short, it is impossible for a driver to drive in safety or for a pedestrian to cross the road without grave risk.

The Zeppelin Bogey.

And why has this all been brought about? The ostensible excuse, of course, is the fear of a Zeppelin raid. Now it may be said at once that the idea that Germany possesses, or is likely to possess in the near future, a huge fleet of gigantic air-ships of the rigid type is ridiculous in the extreme. A Zeppelin is an elaborate structure, seven hundred feet in length, and needs to be built and berthed with almost as much care as a Dreadnought itself. An unlimited multiplication of its type, therefore, is impracticable. Its chances

buildings for attack. At night-time it could only drop bombs in fortuitous fashion, and apparently the only idea that permeates the official mind is that London is such a little place that, by means of diminished street-lighting and the elimination of motor-car headlights, the very existence of the Metropolis can be concealed from a Zeppelin pilot. The notion is palpably absurd, for it is impossible to suppose that an aerial navigator could be so wildly out of his reckoning as not to know when he was over the vast Metropolis. This being so, if the official idea is to save special buildings, it will



TO SERVE OUR ALLY IN THE EASTERN THEATRE OF WAR: SUNBEAM CARS ORDERED BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

The motor-car having proved its extraordinary utility at the front, at the seat of war in Western Europe, large orders for cars of the principal British types have been placed in England by the Russian Government since the war began. Our photograph shows a number of Sunbeam cars completed under one of these orders which are to be forwarded at an early date to Russia.

obviously be best realised by having such a wilderness of bright lights that the individuality of the particular buildings would be eliminated. The only thing, in fact, that suggests itself as desirable for removal in the way of a landmark would be the curved fore-shores of the Thames, as outlined by the existing rows of lamps along the Embankment, and therefore leading up to the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the rest.

What is a "Powerful" Lamp?

The present scheme, however, is completely stultified by the fact that somebody is operating searchlights every night from a central point. If this procedure is being carried out on the assumption that the Zeppelins are not to be expected as yet—and that, when the time comes, the searchlights will be worked from the circumference of London to the centre, instead of radially, as is now the case—why, in the name of common-sense, are the inhabitants being subjected meanwhile to the dangers of dimly lighted streets? It is impossible to detect the approach even of so large a vehicle as the motor-bus, and on a smooth piece of pavement it even would be inaudible. As for the private motor-car, the task of driving it at night is indeed a thankless one; but it must not be forgotten that the use of motor-cars after sundown is not a question of joy-riding pure and simple, but a necessity to large numbers of the community, for winter is now upon us and lamps need to be lit before the working day is anything like over. Even the Home Office order as to powerful head-lights is lacking in precision. Where does the Home Office draw the line of demarcation in candle-power between the permissible and the non-permissible? The ordinary paraffin side-lamp is totally inadequate to the occasion, especially as it is not even fixed on the forefront of the car; and, even if the present restrictions are to be maintained, the authorities should at least define the motor-car driver's position and say at what point he must stop, in the lighting of his car, between the very limited degree of light obtainable from the side-lamp and the brilliant acetylene or electric head-lights.



READY FOR A RUN ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN: NAPIER CARS BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN WAR OFFICE.

The motor-car has proved itself not only an invaluable auxiliary in war, but potentially an extra arm of the service on its own account. Realising that fact at the outset of the Eastern campaign, the Russian Government placed a large number of orders for motor-cars with the leading English makers. Our photograph shows one of the weekly consignments of Napier cars entrained at Addison Road Station for the port of shipment.

of reaching London, if it once set out, are more or less remote; its prospects of getting back to Germany a negligible quantity. But even if it did succeed in getting across the Channel, in what way is the extinction of lights in London going to assist matters from our own point of view? As Professor Ray Lankester has pointed out, the air-ship would in any case need to come in daylight if it were to do any good at all in the way of picking out important

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONE can hardly say that "His House in Order" shows no signs of age; perhaps the malevolent will suggest that it was not very young when it was born, since it has an air of obviously careful choice of words, which, because it is "obviously," gives a flavour of artificiality. And yet in the comic passages the choice is fine enough to make the dialogue very funny. The Ridgeleys may be rather caricature than character; they certainly form an immensely entertaining collection of prigs, and, after all, there is a capital story most dexterously handled and interesting, even if it is not life. So probably the public will support the St. James's in its effort to hold up the flag of serious drama. We had almost all the original cast, but poor Beryl Faber, the first Geraldine, has gone, and left the stage very much the poorer. Sir George, in the very popular character of the universal adviser, Mr. Hilary Jesson, is really quite at his best. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, always brilliant in a Pinero play, is perfect as Nina. Mr. Herbert Waring presents the irritating Filmer very well. The rest, in the main, are the Ridgeleys—Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Miss Alice Beet, and Miss Henrietta Watson—and all of them are richly humorous. I ought also to mention Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Vivian Reynolds.

In its short career the Ambassadors' Theatre has seen two Anglo-French ventures, each marked by evidence of haste in preparation. The present programme, which is curious, offers quite a good entertainment. A rather gruesome but effective short play, "From Louvain," starts the evening with a thrill. It has three performances of considerable merit. Miss Esmé Beringer plays admirably as a brave, resourceful English girl. Mr. John Tresahar is effective in the part of a Prussian officer, and little Miss Betty Balfour, a child actress, shows much talent. "L'Ingénue" is an excellent light comedy for exportation, being pretty easily understood by the English—so easily that the French players might make a rather less direct appeal to the audience and pretend to forget that they exist. An amusing play, and about as probable as most of the war news, but not more; quite brilliant acting in a way by Mr. Max Dearly and Mlle. Jeanne Bonnet. The revue is the main thing, an *olla podrida* with some excellent bits of stuff, and on the first night a droll air of the unexpected; it had a really good framework, and promptly got out of it. However, we laughed on the whole, even if we wished that the band were a bit better and the serious singing less French. I adore the French, but mediocre French singing beats me. There was a man who bleated—or ought I to say "bloom"?—quite unforgivably. Miss Millie Sim, the cleverest of the company, has something of the charm of Letty

Lind; she sang, acted, and mimicked delightfully. Miss Betty Balfour distinguished herself again. There was capital work by Mlles. Delysia and Saint Bonnet; and Messrs. Rancourt, Morton, and J. M. Campbell gave valuable assistance.

At the present moment it seems wise to choose merry plays: hardly anyone—not even the earnest student of the drama—is in the mood for enjoying the serious drama, so "The Little Minister" has reached and passed its fiftieth performance, and is still running. The present is, I believe, the first revival of Barrie's ingenious farce, which in 1897 was severely rated by some of the critics on account of its ill-treatment of the author's delightful novel. Since 1897 what amazing progress Sir James has made! Still, the piece incontestably is very clever, and quite entertaining regarded as farce of intrigue. And there is always an audience for an ingenious farce of intrigue, and the Duke of York's Theatre hears abundance of laughter. Miss Marie Löhr—hadn't she better now drop the diæresis?—replaces Miss Winifred Emery as Babbie, and plays the part charmingly; Mr. Donald Calthrop, as successor to Mr. Cyril Maude, presents Gavin admirably; and we cannot leave unmentioned Miss Sara Allgood and Messrs. Vibart and Norman MacOwan.

The flood of revivals has brought up with it the old Drury Lane drama, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which appeared again at the Prince's Theatre last week, and was particularly suited to the occasion, in that its great scene was the last stand of the small band of Britons who defended the Havilah Gold Mine, and were only just saved at the last moment from annihilation by the Matabeles. The battle made a great impression, as such battles always do; and the story which led up to it of the unscrupulous company-promoter Fitzdaves and his innocent victim Blanche was followed with the keenest interest. Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and Mr. Henry Hamilton told it in the time-honoured Drury Lane way; and now Miss Florence Glossop-Harris has proved that the old melodramas are as good as the new. She played Lady Hilyard ably, and Mr. Frank Cellier was an excellent Fitzdaves; while Miss Phyllis Relph was a pretty heroine, and Mr. Arthur Curtis made the most of Mr. Brown.

Yet another revival, at the Strand; and this time something rather more modern and not yet forgotten. There will be many who will welcome "The Glad Eye" again, with its uproarious fooling on the evening when the husbands returned from Paris to find that the balloon in which they were supposed to be had not yet come down; and Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. E. Dagnall, and Miss Auriol Lee remain at their posts. They are excellently helped by Mr. Ronald Squires, the new Gaston, and Miss Dorothy Minto, the new Kiki; and everybody has realised that in these things what is wanted is unflagging energy and dash. And wonderfully energetic and dashing they all are.

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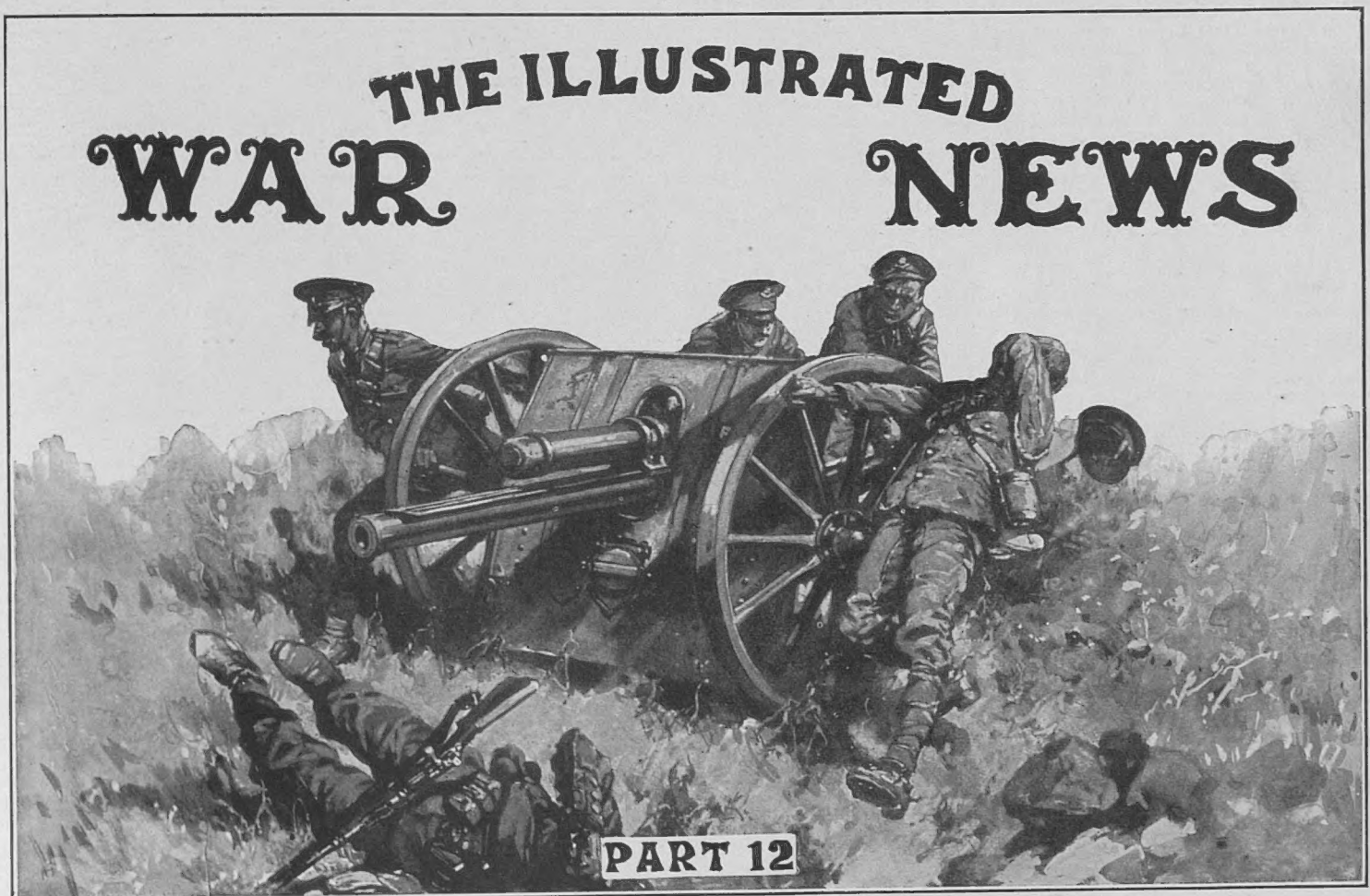
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